

His Beta 92

Chapter 92

Zane

The next day, Xander and I found a rare moment alone with the pups.

while!!

He rocked Lanie gently while I held our baby boy.

We'd decided to call him Isaac after my father who died in the Great Wars.

He was only a week old, but already he kind of reminded me of him.

He was gentle and patient and rarely fussy, and whenever his sister got upset, he would reach out his

hand to touch hers.

It was very f u cking cool.

"Damn, can you believe we're fathers?" Xander asked.

We'd been tied up with so much s hit the past week, from Alice's mourning to hunting down Mason to

all Xander's family drama that we'd hardly had a moment to just breathe and be together.

"No way," I said. "But we sure do love hanging out with you guys," I said in a sing-song voice as I

touched my finger to Isaac's chin.

"Yes, we do," Xander said in his own high-pitched baby voice. "You're our little killers."

We both looked at each other and laughed.

Who the fuck were we?

Not the same men we were a week ago, that was for sure.

I liked this new version of us, and I could tell by Xander's wide smile that he did, too.

"And no matter what your grandma or the rest of the pack says," Xander cooed, staring down at Lanie.

"You're going to be an amazing Alpha one day."

Katie

"Sorry I left in such a hurry yesterday," Mason said as I let him inside.

Stella was currently taking a nap, so we had a rare moment alone.

"Yeah, what was that all about?" I asked.

After everything Quinn had told me, I was even more sure he'd been hiding something.

"Someone I was close to passed away last week," he said.

His eyes shined with sadness.

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That explained why he seemed so distracted.

He probably needed space to grieve.

And here I was being all nosey.

Way to go, Katie.

Way

“Thanks. We hadn’t talked in a while, but still. It was hard to hear.”

I guided him over to the couch and rested my hand on his knee.

“If you need anything. I’m here for you,” I said.

He gave me a crooked smile, and my stomach swooped.

Gods, he was handsome.

“Nah, I’m all good,” he said.

A muffled grunt sounded from the back of the house.

Stella was awake.

And if I didn't get her up immediately, it would turn into a full-on wail.

"I think you could use some help more than I could," he said as he got up off the couch.

"Oh no, you don't have to-

But he waved me off.

"Please, let me. I'm sure you hardly get any rest."

I didn't protest anymore.

He was right. Even with Quinn's help, I was f u cking exhausted.

Mason walked back to Stella's room, and when they came out, she was smiling and grabbing at the stubble on his face.

"Wow, she's never this happy when she wakes up." I marveled.

Mason seriously had the charisma of an old Hollywood star.

No one could resist his charms

Standing in front of me, holding my baby like it was the most natural thing in the world, it was hard to see the side of Mason that Quinn had warned me about.

I saw someone strong, thoughtful, protective, a little sensitive.

I still couldn't believe someone like that was drawn to me, a single mother with no power, but that didn't

mean he was a psycho

I'd come here alone, I'd spent all my nights alone...it was nice to have someone strong standing beside

2/3

"It's finally a little warmer out," Mason said. "What do you think about going for a walk?"

A little while later, we'd driven down the road to a park that was shared between Stillwood and the

rogue territory where Mason was' from.

We strolled leisurely, Stella in her stroller, and I found myself

between us.

again by how natural things felt

As we passed an older woman, she leaned down and admired Stella in her stroller.

"So beautiful," she said, and my heart swelled. "Looks just like Daddy."

She winked and then continued on.

Mason laughed lightly, but I couldn't decide whether I was embarrassed or delighted"

“She’s obviously confused,” he teased.

But as I looked down at Stella and then back up at Mason, I wasn’t wrong.

realized that the wo

I didn’t know how I hadn’t noticed it before, but they really did look alike...

I turned to Mason.

“Do you have something you want to tell me?”